

Shakespeare Edition

CARMEL CYMBAL

VOLUME IV. NUMBER 4.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 27, 1927

FIVE CENTS. \$2 THE YEAR

"ROMEO AND JULIET" THIS WEEK

Swift Production Scheduled for Forest Theater

THE Forest Theater's production of "Romeo and Juliet" Friday and Saturday nights of this week will undoubtedly mark a new milestone in the radiant history of the organization. It not only promises to be a "swift and splendid" production as advertised, but the members of the cast number more thoroughly the best talent we have than any in the previous records of Forest theater productions. In the setting of the Forest Theater the play will be a jewel, and it is expected that there will be full houses at both performances.

THE CAST

Romeo	Herbert Heron
Mercutio	Edward Kuster
Friar Lawrence	Eugene Watson
Capulet	John Jordan
Benvolio	William Oliphant
Gregory	Chester Adams
Petruchio	Louis Penfield
Tybalt	Alden Almstead
Peter	Fletcher Dutton
Prince of Verona	Neville Brush
Paris	Sidney Gray
Montague	William Kibbler
Apothecary	William Shepard
Friar John	William Titmas
Abram	David Lloyd
Watch	Morris Wild
Page to Romeo	Stanislas Heron
Page to Mercutio	William Argo
Page to Paris	Valentine Porter
Page to Tybalt	Richard Catlett
Page to Benvolio	Roland Usher
Page to Petruchio	Harry Leon Wilson Jr.
Juliet	Jadwiga Noskowiak
Nurse	Louise Walcott
Lady Capulet	Susan Porter
Lady Montague	Tommi Thomson
Maskers, Musicians, guards, citizens of Verona.	
Producing Director	Herbert Heron
Stage Director	George Ball
Scenic Artist	Clay Otto
Music	Thomas Vincent Cator



"Carmel Circus" To Be Thriller

BIGGER and better circuses for Carmel. On August 6 the use of this slogan will be given the once over by the throbbing populace, and it will be seen that Arthur Cyril is telling only the truth. It will be a bigger and better circus, and the street parade will be longer and funnier than ever. The men from the Presidio are coming to the tune of "The Army is the clover, and the circus brings them over", and we will see real military riding.

There will be many novelties in the parade, it is rumored that Lady Godiva will ride, but as the paved street will be open from 11 A. M. to 11 P. M., she will possibly not find it deserted. The box office will open the night before.

A new "Midway" will be built for the sideshows, and hot dog stands. We heard today a man was coming from Atlantic City to get ideas, and incidentally to show us how to make salt water taffy. We are

(Turn to Page Four)

"Kick-In" To Be Abalone League Play August 16

EVERYTHING that the Abalone League does is done right. So when we hear that they are putting on "Kick In" we know that not only will it be a good play, but it will be put on in the approved fashion. Frank Sheridan, second baseman extraordinary of the Shamrocks, will direct it. It has been rumored that he knows something of stagecraft. Then look at the play. An exciting thriller, with real comedy. So were so many of the games.

As for the cast, many of the players at Abalone Park will show that they can put across snappy pick ups and double plays on the stage as well as on the diamond. By Ford, captain and short stop of the Shamrocks, will play the part that John Barrymore starred in in New York. We will see Marian Todd, who stars on the side lines every Sunday, play in a part that will be a new departure for her in Carmel dramatics. Franklin Murphy, pitcher and captain of the Crescents, will play a heavy part on the stage, and will put it over as well as he splits the plate.

Jimmy Doud, catcher of the Giants, will let nothing get by him in the play. He catches everything as the hardboiled detective. He will probably catch himself at something before the play is over. Kit Cooke, who wears a green uniform with eclat every Sunday, will show that Memphis Bessie is not so green in "Kick In". Vic Renslow, who has never been known to let anything get by him, will not miss a cue as he portrays "Old Tom" for us.

Frank Sheridan himself, and not a moving picture, will not only direct (as he does when he is umpiring, God save the mark) but will play Diggs, and that alone is worth the price of admission. Louise Walcott can keep score if driven to it at Abalone Park, but she also can act, and loaned for this special occasion by the Carmel Players will play Mrs. Halloran. Jack Eaton (although he doesn't know it yet) is going to play Gus. Not our chief of Police, but a very different part.

J. D. McFarlane will play Garby, Constance Heron will be Louise's daughter

(Turn to Page Five)

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Nothing Blocks Way Of Richenda Stevick

THERE is no obvious reason why Richenda Stevick should not make a delightful reader . . . or if she likes it better . . . a painter of dramatic portraits. She has the physical qualifications, the personal force, and a real touch of comedy which, with adequate coaching ought to fit her generously for the part.

In her program Saturday night at the Arts and Crafts she ran the gamut from comedy to tragedy, and in comedy was at her best, and a very good best it is. She opened her program with a group of poems by Edna St. Vincent Millay. They were in the main refreshing and joyous. Her second number was Teodora the Sage, and she brought in several very good touches of comedy especially in the second sketch, an interview with a lion.

The best work on the program was Miss Stevick's character sketch of eight women, who lived before us in Edgar Lee Master's "Spoon River Anthology". The first one, Russian Sonia, was a little masterpiece. Miss Stevick possesses an ability to change her whole appearance with the aid of say, as in this case, a fringed shawl, and her expression is mobile. She was the Russian Sonia, who lived in great Capitals and been the adored of princes before she became the wife of an old sea captain who had brought her to Spoon River. But the old fire was there. In Aner Clute she was the girl of the streets, and her characterization of Hortense Robbins was perfect the woman who had dined and travelled, and taken the cure at Baden Baden, and was now lost in a town where no one knew or cared for her past social triumphs.

In these sketches Miss Stevick by subtle changes of voice and carriage, by a

twist of her hair and a shrug of her shoulder, became the woman she was characterization. Her vocal changes were clever, but her upper register is weak and needs training. When she has established a depth in the upper notes like she possesses in her lower and middle register, she will be more effective.

Her last two numbers were fantasies, "The Bean Stalk" and "Moon Folly". To me they seemed an anti-climax after Spoon River, and a bit too elaborate and mechanical. The elfin quality was all but lost. This is doubly unfortunate for the artist, since her own conception of the speakers is in the main good. As in the Millay numbers she had the childish and utter sincerity necessary.

Altogether, she is to be congratulated on the way she held her audience, and the way she diversified her program. The incidental music was composed by Dorothy Crawford, and most ably and delightfully rendered by Dorothy Woodward.

—H. W. A.

PLAY AT FOREST HILL SCHOOL

The summer students at Forest Hill School are presenting two scenes from "Little Women" this week at the school in North Carmel. The pupils have arranged the scenes themselves, and are doing interesting work. Those taking part are: Jean Spence, Olivia D'Haviland, Joan D'Haviland, Louise Bain, Doris Meacham, Helen Huckins, and Jane Nan Hartman.



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Bay Rapid Transit Company will run busses each night, leaving Union Stage Depot, Monterey, at 7:30 P.M., and returning after the show.

Carmel Circus

(Continued from Page One)

all stuck up over the idea.

Steve Glassell cut his European trip short to be back in time to be ring master. Steve has held this honorable position for lo these many years, and is absolutely head man. The clowns will be our old favorites Ernie Schweninger, Harrison Godwin and By Ford. They are now busy working out new ideas to amuse the audience. In the sideshows will be imported freaks as well as some of our well known local ones.

There will be some new horse acts that are always good. Three horses are coming from Texas that have never been ridden, and the men who will try to ride them are real cowboys. Salinas and famous horse Steam Boat will have nothing to brag about after that. In fact I doubt if Pendleton and Cheyenne can have much to say. An the first public appearance on the screen and in before a large crowd of Bob, the Carmel Rin Tin Tin, is scheduled. In passing I may state that Bob belongs to Metz Durham and leashed or unleashed has no equal.

Talking of dogs reminds us that Arthur Cyril's wolf hounds may stage their famous act, in which they attack a lion. This attracted much attention at Los Gatos and maybe if the Humane Society are assured that Cyril will use an old woolly lion the act can go on.

Anyway, the circus is going to be bigger and better than ever—and that is enough for us.

FRENCH KINDERGARTEN IS ATTRACTING MANY IN CARMEL

Mlle. de Lacaille, who recently announced the opening of a French kindergarten in Carmel, is taking enrollments at her home, the first house south of the Arts and Crafts clubhouse on Casanova street, between Eighth and Ninth. The class periods are from 9 to 12 o'clock in the mornings and the first hour andahalf will be devoted to French. Pupils from four to six years are accepted.

William Gail White, a Carmel boy, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. G. White, was awarded the "Military Excellence" medal for military efficiency and general behavior at the Citizens' Military Training camp at Del Monte last Saturday afternoon. The medal was the highest honor of the Second Battallion, composed of more than 500 young men. Competition was keen and there was a number of college seniors in the battallion. White is a senior at the Kern County Union High school and is sixteen years old.

LOST—Brown's Barney, a small Boston Fox Terrier. Piedmont license No. 568. Address Box 885, Carmel. Reward.



THE CARMEL CYMBAL

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"IS ZAT SO?" WITH GEORGE O'BRIEN AT GOLDEN BOUGH

Sunday and Monday evenings of next week will see George O'Brien in "Is Zat So?" on the screen at the Golden Bough. On Tuesday evening the Golden Bough will show "Heart of Salome" with Alma Rubens and Walter Pidgeon. Wednesday and Thursday evenings, "Stage Madness" and Frday and Saturday "Monkey Talks" wth Olve Barden.



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CARMEL^{THE} CYMBAL

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"Kick-In"

(Continued from Page One)

and play Daisy Haloran, and she will work for an Irish accent with that name. Tommi Thomson will take first base on a real hit as she portrays Molly Hughes, and a good time will be had by all.

The Abalone League has several real artists as players and one, Paul Whitman, will take on the construction of the stage and scenery. He will be helped by Tom Douglass, Tad Stinson, Vic Renslow, Byron Prior—and knowing Carmel dramatics,—several others before the scenery is complete.

Marian Ford will take charge of the stage settings, and Woody Rowntree, who pays third base for the Giants will be chief bally-hoo for the play. By the time this goes to press probably all the other league will either be selling tickets or appearing in the play as local color. But keep the dates and get your tickets early—At the Theatre of The Golden Bought, August 16, 17 and 18, the Abalone League presents "Kick In", starring. . . well you will see then.

Mrs. J. K. Hudson, Mrs. Hudson Smith and Miss Iris Newman, all of Fresno, are occupying the Mr. Abbott cottage on Carmelo street and will be in Carmel until September 1.

Miss Eva Garcia, concert pianist of KGO, was the week-end guest of Miss Mae Harris Anson.

CAPTAIN OF "PIRATES" RECEIVES ABALONE CUP

The Pirates, winners in the Abalone League and soft ball champions of the Peninsula, are now resting on their laurels and waiting for someone else to challenge them. Their captain, Byron Prior, has been presented with the famous Abalone



cup, the top of the stove for which the teams have fought the last four years. It has been won twice by Harrison Godwin with his Reds, and twice by Byington Ford with his Shamrocks, and now this year by the Pirates.

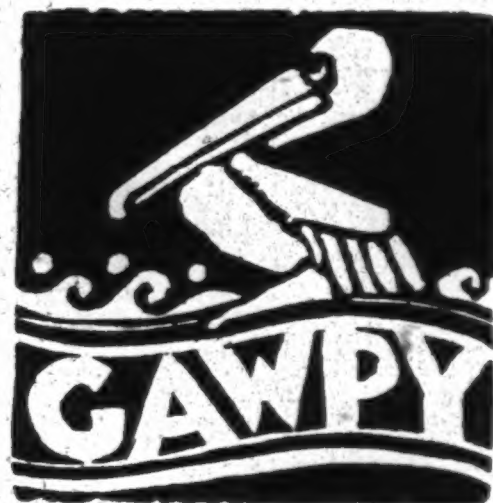


Prologue to "Romeo and Juliet"

TWO households, both alike in dignity,
In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes
A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life;
Whose misadventur'd piteous overthrows
Doth with their death bury their parents' strife.
The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,
And the continuance of their parents' rage,
Which, but their children's end, nought could remove,
Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage;
The which if you with patient ears attend,
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.

—WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Achilles Angeli, noted mural decorator, was a guest in Carmel the past week. He is to do the murals for the Crocker home now under construction at Pebble Beach. He did the mural decorating in the home of Mrs. William Cooke at Burlingame.



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PERSONAL MENTION

JAMES Bassett came down from Oakland on Sunday and will visit his father and sister for a week.

Mr. and Mrs. Hobart Glassell entertained informally on Sunday evening, some of their guests were Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Turner, Mr. and Mrs. John Orcutt, Mrs. Ralph Todd, Mrs. William Argo, Mrs. Eliot Coburn, George Stutsman, and Leslie Le Cron.

Virginia Limberg, Caroline Cochran, of St. Louis, and Meg Strohn and Emma Blankenhorn of Los Angeles are motoring to Carmel this week and will be here for some time. Mrs. Cochran and Miss Strohn have recently returned from a year's trip in Europe.

Mrs. Frederick W. Moore came down from San Jose for the week-end, and with her daughter Mrs. Sims was in her home on North Monte Verde.

Mr. and Mrs. Grant and Miss Josephine Grant spent the week-end on the Peninsula. Miss Grant entertained at dinner at Hotel Del Monte when her guests were: Mr. and Mrs. Howard Spreckels, Miss Maude Hill, Mr. John Ward and Mr. Lawrence Dorsey.

Miss Ellen Green who has been visiting her father, Mr. G. H. Green, in Carmel for a fortnight, is leaving the end of the week for her home in Watsonville.

Louis Hill Jr. is at present in Skikomish, where he is now a trainmaster.

After the Stevick concert on Saturday night several of the audience went down to Mr. and Mrs. Ray Woodward's home for some music. Some of those present were, Messrs. and Mesdames Paul Flannery, Richard Johnson, Ralph Todd, Mrs. William Argo, Misses Sally Maxwell and Catherine Vander Roest, Messrs. Robert Westwood and George Ball.

Lieutenant Colonel and Mrs. H. T. Bull and Miss Betty Bull of Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, are visiting here for a week.

Mr. and Mrs. Clift Lundborg and Lieutenant Atherton Macondray, brother of Mrs. Lundborg, came down to Pebble Beach Lodge on Saturday and will be there for a week.

Lawrence Dorsey came down from San Francisco and spent the week-end in Carmel.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Crocker, who have been travelling in Europe since their marriage in Denver several months ago, have returned from Denver and are at present at "New Place". They will establish a residence at Pebble Beach, in the

Rittenhouse place. Mr. and Mrs. Rittenhouse are at present in Alaska.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Butte of San Francisco, and their two daughters Misses Barbara and Helen Butte were on the Peninsula last week for several days.

Mr. and Mrs. Byington Ford, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Whitman, Mr. and Mrs. Tad Stinson, Mrs. Helen Wilson, Miss Katherine Cooke, Mr. Colden Whitman and Mr. Ernest Schweninger went up the valley on Sunday for a picnic at the Ford ranch.

Harrison Williams, the noted pianist, who has been studying in Berlin for some years, and is now spending several months

in California, is in Carmel for a few days this week.

Mrs. J. S. Ball came down from Stockton this week, and will be in town for some time.

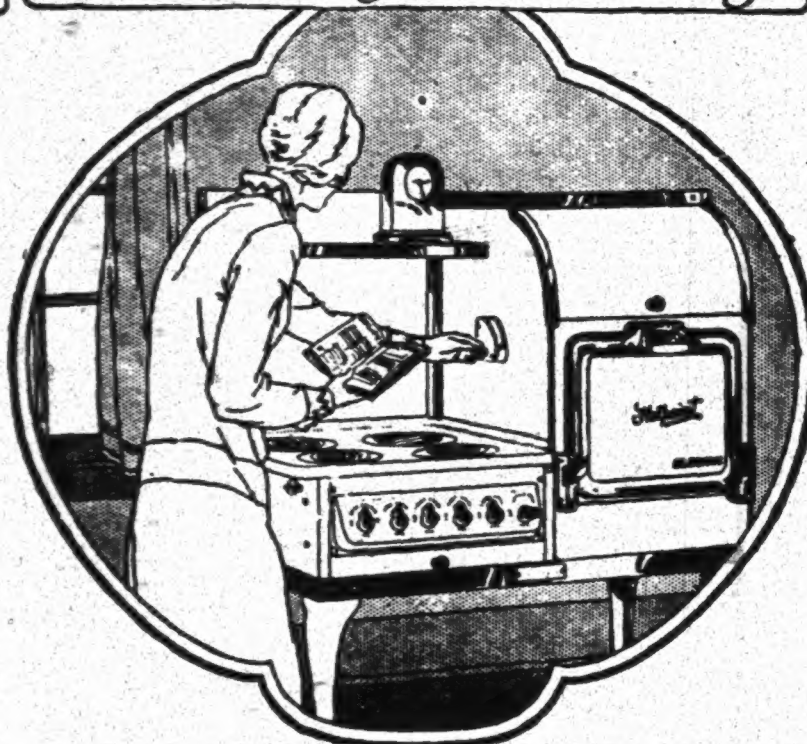
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COAST VALLEYS GAS AND ELECTRIC COMPANY



uled to be given at the Theatre af The Golden Bough, is postponed indefinitely owing to the serious illness of Mr. Wickman. Purchasers of tickets can, by going to the Palace Drug Company, have their money refunded. Mr. Wickman is at present in San Francisco, where he is receiving medical attention.

Will James has been a cowboy, and knows his horses, he is also an artist and can draw them. With his wife he lived in Carmel for several months last Spring.

Mr. and Mrs. George Quimby Chase of Piedmont have taken a house in town for several weeks. During their stay here, their daughter, Miss Helen Chase, will entertain groups of her friends from Piedmont and Berkeley.

Mrs. Percy Smith spent the week-end in Los Angeles, returning there with her guest Mrs. John Carter on Friday.

Mrs. Mark Kinsey, Master Thorne Kinsey and Miss Grace Morris, who were visiting Mrs. George Boke in Carmel, have returned to San Francisco.

Dr. and Mrs. Roderic O'Connor and their daughter, Miss Kathleen O'Connor are on the Peninsula for several days. They have been spending the summer at Mount Diablo.

Mrs. Robert Stanton entertained at a bridge and shower last Wednesday at her home in Pebble Beach, honoring Mrs. John Cooper Orcutt. Some of those playing were Mesdames Paul Whitman, John Orcutt, Ethel P. Young, Ray Woodward, William Argo, Ralph Todd, Hobart Glassell, Percy Smith, John Carter and Miss Katherine Cooke.

Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Clampett were in town over the week-end, visiting Mr. Clampett's aunt, Mrs. Clampett Young, on Carmelo street. They were on their way to San Diego by motor.

Mrs. Edith Ward Hunt left Wednesday for a six weeks trip to Chicago. She accompanies her daughter, Mrs. Rolf Ullistad of Chicago who has been visiting in Carmel and San Mateo since the last of May. Mrs. Hunt expects during her trip to go to St. Louis where she has recently sold a number of paintings and wall hangings. During her absence her cottage at Carmelo and Seventh will be occupied by her Cousin, Miss E. Grace Ward.

Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Ward, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Ward and son Donald, of Morgan Hill, with Mrs. W. E. Dolan of Watsonville are residents this week of the G. D. Merner cottage on Carmelo.

Of local interest in the current magazines this month we find in Munsey's for August "The Dearest Path" by Clinton Scollard; in the Woman's Home Companion for August, "Hit in the Head" by

James Hopper; in the Saturday Evening Post for July 23, "The Round Up" by Wil James; and in The New Republic for July 20, "A Sceptical Realist" by Lawrence S. Morris.

Mr. and Mrs. George N. Broemmel of San Francisco and Mr. and Mrs. Rex Shere of San Raphael were the week end guests of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Welles Ritchie.

Mrs. Milton Pray and Miss Genevieve Hart of Burlingame are at Pebble Beach for a short stay.

The marriage of Miss Elizabeth Parker and Mr. Charles Tonkin late Lieutenant U. S. N. took place last Wednesday in Kansas City. The young couple returned to Highlands and will be here for a week or two before leaving for the South on their way to Kansas City where they will establish their home. Tomorrow afternoon Mrs. Robert Stanton is entertaining at bridge for Mrs. Tonkin.

Mrs. Call is in town from Ohio and is the guest of her son and daughter-in-law Mr. and Mrs. Delmar Call at their home on Scenic Drive. Mrs. Delmar Call's sister, Miss Ruth Mills will be married shortly to Mr. George Shaner of Los Gatos. The wedding will take place at Del Monte Chapel.

Miss Louise Sherer, of San Raphael is visiting Miss Gannan in Carmel this week.

Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Stahl of San Francisco are staying at Pebble Beach Lodge for several days this week.

AT THE MANZANITA

The attractions at the Manzanita Theater this week are: Tonight, Mr. Wu, with Lon Chaney; Thursday and Friday, 28 and 29, Syncopating Sue, with Cor-

inne Griffith; Saturday 30, Slide Kelly, Slide, with William Haines and Sally O'Niell; Sunday 31, The Demi-Bride with Norma Shearer; Monday Tuesday, August 1 and 2, "The Fire Brigade" with May McAvoy and Charles Ray. This last show will be for the benefit of the Carmel Fire Department.

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Shakespeare in Carmel

It is not a new thing to put on a Shakespearean play in Carmel. Sixteen years ago in Twelfth Night was played under the pine trees in the Forest Theater and Romeo and Juliet will be the eleventh Shakespearean production. Last year Hamlet set a new high mark, a modern arrangement was used, the produc-

various plays follows:

Twelfth Night. Produced and directed by Garnet Home. Setting by M. DeNeale Morgan. Cast: Orsino, Grant Wallace; Curio, George Judd; Valentine, Donald Hale; Viola, Helen Cooke; Sea Captain, Ernest Clewe; Sir Toby Belch, Perry Newberry; Maria Clara Leidig; Sir An-



Linoleums Cuts by Robert Hestwood

tion was swift, the playing time was only two and one half hours and every one of the twenty scenes of the play was given. In the arrangement of the Malvolio story in Twelfth Night given at Pine Inn on January sixth (the old twelfth night) four years ago, black and white were used for costumes and settings, Malvolio's yellow stockings giving the only touch of color. And so on back through the years we can trace the evolution of play, scenery, and wiftness of production.

It is interesting at this time to look back at the old plays and read over the casts. In the first Shakespearean play, as in Romeo and Juliet, we find Herbert Heron playing. The producers and casts of the

drew Aguecheek, Joseph Hand; Feste, Herbert Heron; Olivia, Helen Hill; Malvolio, Frederick Bechdolt; Sebastian, Fred Leidig; Antonio, Tom Reardon; Fabian, Joseph Beck; First Officer, David Von needa; Second Officer, William Basham. July 3 and 4, 1911: Forest Theater.

Three Scenes from As You Like It. Directed by Ethel Turner. Setting by Perry Newberry. Cast: Rosalind, Ethel Turner; Celia, Jeanette Hoagland; Orlando, William Cooper. December 31, 1911 Pine Inn. January 1, 1912: Forest Theater.

Five scenes from Romeo and Juliet. Directed by Herbert Heron. Settings by Perry Newberry. Cast: Romeo, William Cooper; Benvolio, William Overstreet;

Mercutio, Herbert Heron; Juliet, Opal Heron; Nurse Emma Rendtorff; Peter, Benjamin Leidig; Tybalt, Walter O'Connell. December 31, 1911: Pine Inn. January 1, 1912: Forest Theater.

The court scene from The Merchant of Venice. Directed by Helen Parkes. Setting by Perry Newberry. Cast: Duke, William Overstreet; Antonio, Tom Reardon; Clerk, Austin James; Shylock, John Kenneth Turner; Bassanio, Birney Adams; Nerissa, Kathryn Overstreet; Gratiano, Herbert Heron; Portia, Helen Parkes. December 31, 1911: Pine Inn. January 1, 1912: Forest Theater.

The clown scenes from A Midsummer Night's Dream. Directed by Perry Newberry. Setting by Perry Newberry. Cast: Quince, Arthur Vachell; Bottom, Perry Newberry; Flute, Joseph Hand; Starveling, Laurence Leidig; Snout, Henry Laroutte; Snug, Austin James. December 31, 1911: Pine Inn.

A special arrangement of the comedy scenes from King Henry the Fourth (part one). Directed by Herbert Heron. Setting by Austin James. Cast: Prince Hal, Ludovic Bremner; Falstaff, Herbert Heron; Bardolph, Edward Williamson; Poins, MacDougal; Traveller, John Butler. September 26, 1914: Forest Theater.

A Midsummers Night's Dream. Produced and directed by Herbert Heron and Helen Parkes. Settings by William S. Cooper. Cast: Theseus, Selby Hanna; Hippolyta, Alice MacDougal; Philostrate, Allan Bier; Egeus, Theodore Criley; Hermia, Olivia Rolfe; Demetrius, D. L. James; Lysander, William Cooper; Helena, Lucy Freeland; Quince Ernest Schweninger; Bottom John Gribner; Flute, Henry Cowell; Starveling, Talbert Josselyn; Snout, William Kibbler; Snug, Austin James; Puck, Opal Heron; Sunleaf, Margaret Williams; Oberon, Herbert Heron; Titania, Katherine Cooke; Starbird, Inez Fraties; Peachblossom, Marian Ohm; Cobweb, David Williamson; Moth, Constance Heron; Mustardseed, Franklin Murphy. July 17, 1915: Forest Theater.

A special arrangement of the comedy scenes from King Henry the Fourth (part one). Directed by Herbert Heron. Settings by Perry Newberry. Cast: Prince Hal, Edward Kuster; Falstaff, Herbert Heron; Bardolph, Owen White; Poins, Herbert Hand; Mistress Quickly, Kissam Johnson; Traveller, Gordan Greene. May 12 and 13, 1922: Arts and Crafts.

A special arrangement of seven scenes from Twelfth Night. Produced and directed by Herbert Heron. Settings and costumes by Helena Conger. Music by Thomas Vincent Cator. Cast: Olivia, Blanche Tolmie; Maria, Constance Heron; Malvolio, Thomas Fisher; Feste, Herbert Heron; Sir Toby Belch, George Dorwart; Sir Andrew Aguecheek, John Jordan; Pages in the Interludes, William Argo, Stanislaus Heron. January 6, 1923: Pine Inn.

Hamlet produced by Herbert Heron, John Parker, Alfred Burton and Eugene

Watson Directed by John Parker, Herbert Heron and Frank Sheridan. Settings by John Parker and Alfred E. Burton. Cast: Bernardo, Morris Wild; Francisco, Fletcher Dutton; Horatio Beverly Clarke; Marcellus, Horton O'Neil; Ghost, Robert Roe; Claudius, David O'Neill; Gertrude, Esther Waite; Voltimand, Francis Lloyd; Cornelius, Lawrence Lee; Polonius, William Vander Roest; Laertes, James Cooke; Ophelia, Jadwiga Noskowiak; Hamlet,

Herbert Heron; Guildenstern, David Price Rosencrantz, Tom La Fargue, First Player, Ivan Fonera; Fourth Player, William Shepard; Fortinbras George O'Neil; Captain, Alden Almstead; Sailor, John Catlin; First Grave Digger, Tom Bickle; Second Grave Digger, F. O. Robbins; Priest, William Kibbler; Osric, Vasia Markelov. July, 30 and 31 and August 1, 1925: Forest Theater.

Hamlet and Romeo

HAZLITT declared that "Romeo is Hamlet in love. There is the same rich exuberance of passion and sentiment in the one, that there is of thought and sentiment in the other. Both are absent and self-involved; both live out of themselves in a world of imagination." Much of this is true and affords a noteworthy example of Hazlitt's occasional insight into character, yet for reasons that will appear later it is not possible to insist, as Hazlitt does, upon the identity of Romeo and Hamlet. The most that can be said is that Romeo is a younger brother of Hamlet, whose character is much less mature and less complex than that of the

student-prince. Moreover, the characterization in Romeo—the mere drawing and painting—is very inferior to that put to use in Hamlet. Romeo is half hidden from us in the rose-mist of passion, and after he is banished from Juliet's arms we only see him for a moment as he rushes madly by into never-ending night, and all the while Shakespeare is thinking more of the poetry of the theme than of his hero's character. Romeo is crude and immature when compared with a profound psychological study like Hamlet. In "Hamlet" the action often stands still while incidents are invented for the mere purpose of dis-

(Turn to Page Sixteen)

Shakespeare

THERE burst a mighty morning on the world,

After a night so long it seemed an age.
An age it was. Then, romping in the sun,
Came youthful giants down the Singing Way,

And one, the tallest, leapt aside and set
A magic trumpet to his lips, and blew,
And we who listen hear the clarion yet.

Then, at the sweet compulsion of that sound,

The land was thronged with visions.
Years that were

Gave back their paladins and queens who wept.

Kings cried to kings, extending shadowy swords

O'er phantom armies. Heroes, councillors,
Mingled with drabs and ruffians, as the Past

A gleaming pageant, swirled in rainbow-mist

Before the Present, soon to be the same.
What an array was there! What shifting forms,

Children of genius and a little ink!

The Trumpeter is dust, but they remain
Part of mankind forever. As the sun
He touched all things with equal ray, and

set.

Like one sent as a spy from other worlds,
To tell our best and worst, he came.
Judge you

How well he saw, who seems a Titan boy
Pelting the world with jewels and with filth,

Or as a seraph wandering in the stews,
And half at home there. This was he so swift

To flatter kings, then jeer the sceptered blood

With its mortality. And this was he
Who loved the common man enough,
perhaps,

But failed not to remind him of his stink.
He knew the human heart as misers know
Their gold, and told its currents for all Time—

The unswerving tides of Nature and her plan.

He was an empire, with its plains and peaks.

He was an ocean, and the sky above.

Some are who say: "He was content to carve

His marbles from the quarry of the Past,
Nor told us of his time nor times to be,
Concerned to please the rabble and the court—

For all his wisdom missing, as we know
The fiery vision of democracy."

But this our King of Song was never come
To set the wandering thunders of the world

To music and to meaning. Not for him

The tribune's sword, the fasces of reform:
Leave those to men with hands—our god
had wings.

Nor think him lapped in self, who all his days

Flouted the harlot Fame. His faults were there,

But at their worst as spots upon the sun.
He was the race—a cosmos in himself,
Full of small errors and large excellence.

Be proud, O men! that you are of his blood,

Who well might be this earth's ambassador

To haughty worlds and stars of whitest fire.

—GEORGE STERLING

"Romeo and Juliet"

THE houses of Montague and Capulet are at feud in Verona.

Romeo of the house of Montague, falls in love with Juliet, of the house of Capulet. She returns his love. A friar marries them.

In a street brawl, which Romeo does his best to stop, Mercutio, Romeo's friend, is killed by Tybalt, Juliet's cousin. Carried away by passion, Romeo kills Tybalt. He is banished from Verona.

The Capulets plan to marry Juliet to the County Paris.

Juliet, in great distress, consults the Friar who married her to Romeo. He gives her a potion to create an apparent death in her, to the end that she may be buried in the family vault, and restored to life by himself and Romeo. He writes to Romeo, telling him of the plan; but the letter miscarries. Juliet takes the potion, and is laid in the tomb as dead.

The County Paris comes by night to the tomb, to mourn her there. Romeo, who has heard only that his love is dead, also comes to the tomb. The two lovers fight, and Romeo kills Paris. He then takes poison and dies at Juliet's side.

The friar enters to restore Juliet to life. Juliet awakens to find her lover dead. The friar, being alarmed, leaves the tomb. Juliet stabs herself with Romeo's dagger and dies.

The feud of the Montagues and Capulets is brought to an end. The leaders of the two houses are reconciled over the bodies of the lovers.

The play differs slightly from the other plays, which deal with the treacheries caused by obsessions. The subject of this play is not so much the treachery as the obsession that causes it. The obsession is the blind and raging one of sudden, gratified youthful love. That storm in the blood has never been so finely described. It takes sudden hold upon two young passionate natures, who have hardly met each other. It drives out instantly from Romeo a sentimental love that had made him mopeish and wan. It brings to an end in two hearts, filial affection and that perhaps stronger thing, attachment to family. It

makes the charming young man a frantic madman, careless of everything but his love. It makes the sweet-natured girl a scheming liar, less frantic, but not less devoted than her lover. It results almost at once in five violent deaths, and a legacy of broken-heartedness not easily told. The only apparent good of the disease is that it destroys its victims swiftly. It may also be said of it that it teaches the old that there is something in life, some power not dreamed of in their philosophy.

Shakespeare saw the working of the fever. He also saw behind it the working of fate to avenge an obsession that had blinded the eyes of men too long. The feud of the two houses had long vexed Verona. The blood of those killed in the feud was crying out for the folly to stop, so that life might be lived. What business had sparks like Mercutio, and rebels like Tybalt, with Death? Both are life's bright fire: they ought to live. Fate seemed to plot to end the folly by letting Romeo fall in love with Juliet. Let the two houses be united by marriage. But love is a storm, sudden love a madness, and the fire of youth a disturber of the balances. Hate and hot blood put an end to all chance of a wedding. There is nothing left but the desperate way, which is yet the wise way, recommended by the one wise man in the cast. With a little patience, this way would lead the couple



to happiness. Impatience, the fever in the blood that began these coils, makes the way lead them to death. Accident, or rather the possession by others of that prudence wanting in himself, keeps Romeo from the knowledge of the friar's plans. A too hasty servant tells him that Juliet is dead. He too hastily believes the news. He takes horse at once in a state of frenzy, hardly heeding what his man says. He comes to the tomb in Verona, and finds there a lover as desperate as him-

self. They fight there, madly. The less mad of the two is killed, the more frantic (Romeo) kills himself. The friar, coming to this death-scene, comes a moment too late. Juliet wakes from her trance a moment too late. Theirs are the only delays in this drama of fever, in which everybody hurries so. Their delays are atoned for an instant later, his, by his too great haste to be gone, she by her thirst for death. The men of the watch come too late to



save her. The parents learn too late that they have been blind. They have to clasp hands over dead bodies, that have missed of life through their hurry to seize it.

The play tells the story of a feud greater than that of the Verona houses. There is always feud where there is not understanding. There is eternal feud between those two camps of misunderstanding, age and youth. This play, written by a young man, shows the feud from the point of view of youth. The play of King Lear shows it from the point of view of age. This play of youth is as lovely and as feverish as love itself. Youth is bright and beautiful, like the animals. Age is too tired to care for brightness, too cold to

THE CARMEL CYMBAL

care for beauty. The bright, beautiful creatures dash themselves to pieces against the bars of age's forging, against law, custom, duty, and those inventions of cold blood which youth thinks cold and age knows to be wise.

Man cannot quote a minute from some hour of passion when the moon shone and many nightingales were singing. He can hold out some flower that blossomed then, saying, "this scent will tell you." The beauty of this play is of that kind.

JULIET

Come, gentle night, come, loving, black-browed night,
Give me my Romeo; and, when he shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine
That all the world will be in love with night,
And pay no worship to the garish sun.

JULIET

Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day.
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear;
Nightly she sings on yond pomegranate-tree.

Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

ROMEO

It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale. Look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east.
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day

Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

JULIET

Yond light is not day-light, I know it, I;
It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to Mantua;

ROMEO

Oh, my love,
Death, that hath sucked the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty.
Thou art not conquered; beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,
And Death's pale flag is not advanced there.

—JOHN MASEFIELD

DANCING

REGULAR SUMMER CLASSES
CHILDREN AND ADULTS

DENISHAWN METHOD
BALL ROOM

RUTH AUSTIN
ARTS AND CRAFTS THEATER

ARGO-NOUGHTS

THIS one comes from the South, where they put on a Pilgrimage Play. This year Reinald Pole, actor, poet close friend and fellow traveller with Rupert Brooke, was playing Jesus Christ. His work was spoken of most highly, until, one dark day some of the club women heard that he was a divorced man. Then these residents of a chemically pure city started to re-act. It would never do to have Pole continue in the part of the Saviour. It was put up to the Pilgrimage authorities, and what do we find? He now plays Judas Iscariot in the Play, the club women feel that he is rightly cast, and peace hovers once more over the pilgrims.

AT the Stevick concert on Saturday night Paul Flanders, who was receiving congratulations on his brilliant riding of a raging bull at the Salinas Rodeo, spied Marcelle Radiesky. "Marcelle" he called "Did your friend get you on the phone?"

"What friend?" asked Marcelle.

"Some man called you at my home at 7, 7.15, and 7.30, and I had to tell him that you weren't there and if he failed to get you at home I couldn't locate you."

"Oh" said Marcelle breathlessly, "Was he a blonde."

MORE local color that the tourists love on Ocean avenue last Saturday. Marian Todd on looking over her part in "Kick In", the Abalone League play, noticed that she was expected to laugh hysterically several times. This disconcerted her, for she admits that she can cry artistically on the stage, but cannot laugh. I think that she should have gone down and interviewed Woody Rowntree, remembering his whole hearted laugh in "The Show Off", but she walked into Cabbages and Kings to see Louise Walcott, who can put any emotion over the foot-lights. (Press ad.)

It was shortly after this that I noticed pedestrians looking askance at the open door of Cabbages and Kings. Hating to miss anything I drew near, and from that shop of imported wonders came the sound of revelry by day. First Louise would laugh, starting with a low gurgle, gradually swelling into a crescendo of merriment. Marian would watch this gravely and then she would strive to emulate Louise. Of course they chose a position about two feet from the front door, so Marian could watch her shop. The hysterical touch in Marian's laugh lost nothing as it floated out on the avenue. Townspeople just glanced in and walked on, paying no attention, but it surely caused some excitement amongst the strangers. And next door to all that fuss, they were trying to rent houses for the week end. I S Q A B.

GREAT excitement at "Sally's" on Saturday. Theda Bara, vamp supreme in the cinema, and beautiful women "in person", came to Carmel for luncheon, and chose the patio at "Sally's". She was pleased with it, and came wandering in the kitchen, so upsetting the "force" that it is a wonder anyone got any lunch at all. She wanted to use the telephone, and called the Lodge where other members of her party were stopping. She got her director on the wire, and told him to come over at once; then she retired to the patio to wait.

All the customers, one way or another, came into the kitchen to look out of the window at her. Finally "Charlie" the director came, and lunch was on. Then it was that Gladys Vander Roest, who looks after the customers in the building, did something she has never been known to do before. Without being asked or even having it suggested to her, she straightened her apron, took up a tray, and walked into the patio and proceeded in a beautiful detached manner, to clear the dishes off three tables.

—HILDA

NOTICE

NOTICE is hereby given that the 1927 assessment roll of the City of Carmel-by-the-Sea will be open to the public in the office of the City Clerk in the City Hall of the said City of Carmel-by-the-Sea from Monday, August 1, 1927, until Monday, August 8, 1927, at which last named date, at 10 A. M., the Board of Trustees of the said City of Carmel-by-the-Sea will meet as a Board of Equalization.

SAIDEE VAN BROWER
City Clerk of Carmel-by-the-Sea
Date of Publication, July 27, 1927

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A Letter Arrives From Dora Hagemeyer

Sproat Lake
Vancouver Island
July 17, 1927

DEAR Cymbal,
If you could see the place I am writing from you would wonder how I could spend even a fraction of time with a pen in my hand. You would also understand how impossible it is to send you more than a flavour of this place.

Because the earth has had unlimited time and unlimited material at hand, she has allowed her creative instinct to run riot. She has suspended enormous mountain ranges row upon row, between the blue of the sky and the blue of the lake. Crowning these she has placed Mount Kleetsa to the west and covered her with snow. At the east end of the lake is Mount Arrowsmith which loses its snow at this time of the year and stands purple against the evening sky. All this she has duplicated in the still surface of the water till the feeling of solidity vanishes and the whole vast scene looks airy enough to vanish at any moment.

The mountains are flanked with heavy forests of cedars, firs, and white pine among which the alders and maples grow serenely, protected by the sturdy conifers. It is an unforgettable experience to come upon these quiet maple groves in the forest where the silence is almost tangible, and to walk among ferns which grow above one's head and through moss above one's ankles. Straight as an arrow the giant trees pierce through to the sunlight and at their feet another world comes into being. The most exquisite craftsmanship has fashioned tiny flowers to grow on mossy logs and frail ferns to edge the springs and brooks. On the edge of the lake where it is warmer and sunnier, the grass is sown with daisies and purple violets.

It is always within the bounds of an exciting possibility that one's tent may have a visitor in the shape of a bear or a cougar. The settlers round the lake tell tales of many an encounter with these old inhabitants. Deer are plentiful. You see their tracks through the ferns and as you walk you sometimes startle great wings into flight from the trees and that's an eagle! Mink come and make life uncertain for the chickens and on the lake you hear the strange cry of the loon. The salmon which jump the falls at the outlet of the lake are plentiful enough to attract fisherman and altogether the variety of animal, insect and plant life is unbelievable.

The complete silence of these forests, the depths where no light or sound has ever penetrated make one realize through another sense, that the earth has temples where she keeps her secrets and her wisdom inviolate.

—DORA CHAPPLE HAGEMAYER

The Atlantic Monthly \$10,000 Prize Novel

OUT of a field of nearly eleven hundred competitors, Miss Mazo de la Roche, of Toronto, Canada, has been announced as the winner of the \$10,000 offered by The Atlantic Monthly "for the most interesting novel of any kind, sort or description" submitted to and February, 1927. Her novel, "Jalna", will be brought out by Little, Brown and Company on October 7 as "An Atlantic Monthly Press Publication."

"Jalna" is the story of a family of remarkable diverse characters, set against a background of mixed wilderness and civilization, on a British country estate in a Canadian forest. Plot, situations and characters are fresh, original creations, and the portraits of the individual members of the quarrelsome but cohesive clan are unforgettable.

Miss de la Roche was born in Toronto, of French royalist and Irish descent. She was educated privately, with, she says, "an erratic dash or two into the University of Toronto." She studied art for a time, but found that the fancies that filled her head were better served by the pen than the brush. She does her writing on a drawing board, never at a desk. "I have a habit of decorating this board with caricatures of the people about whom I am writing," she says, "and its dingy surface has become a veritable nightmare." Jalna was written, for the most part, at her



THE CARMEL CYMBAL

summer cottage in Ontario. Christopher Morley, author of *Thunder on the Left*, describes her writing as "delicate in fancy, refreshing and happy in expression, felicitous in subtle touches of humor." Miss de la Roche's stories have appeared in leading American magazines.

The prize of \$10,000 is for the magazine rights alone, Miss de la Roche will receive in addition, the royalties from the sale of *Jalna*—and it will, with out doubt, become a best seller when it is published. She also retains the dramatic and moving picture rights.

Indifference

DAFFODILS alluring me,
Springtime madness in the air;
How can I see daffodils,
When the sunlight's on your hair?

Mating birds a'calling me,
Bidding me "Be gay, rejoice,"
What are songs of birds to me—
I can listen to your voice.

Blossom scented breezes coy
In my hair play hide and seek.
Their caresses cannot thrill
As your hand upon my cheek.

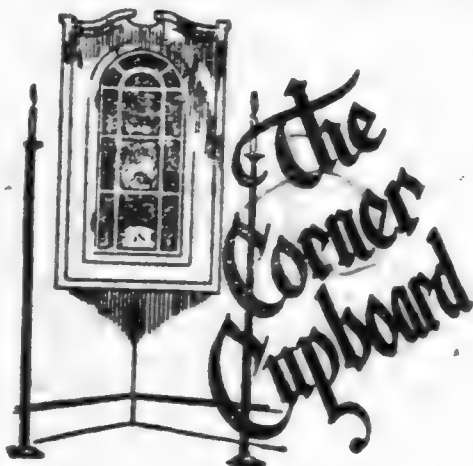
The sun his wealth of golden rain
Drops lavishly from Heaven above
To me his heat is chill beside
The warm enchantment of your love.

—NORMA McNAB CARTER

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Notes and Comment



IT SO happens that the edition of The Cymbal last week sold out before Friday. As we have attempted to make plain to those who want The Cymbal, it is impossible for us to make allowances for varying newsstand sales, and we provide the newsstands with a certain number of papers each week, and can give them no more than that. It is only through the paid subscription list that we can be certain of providing everyone who wants The Cymbal with a paper each week. If you did not get a Cymbal last week, or were forced to read somebody's else, or to be plain about it, somebody else's it behooves you to get on the subscription list. Then you will be certain of a paper. And it costs only \$2 for a whole year of the paper.

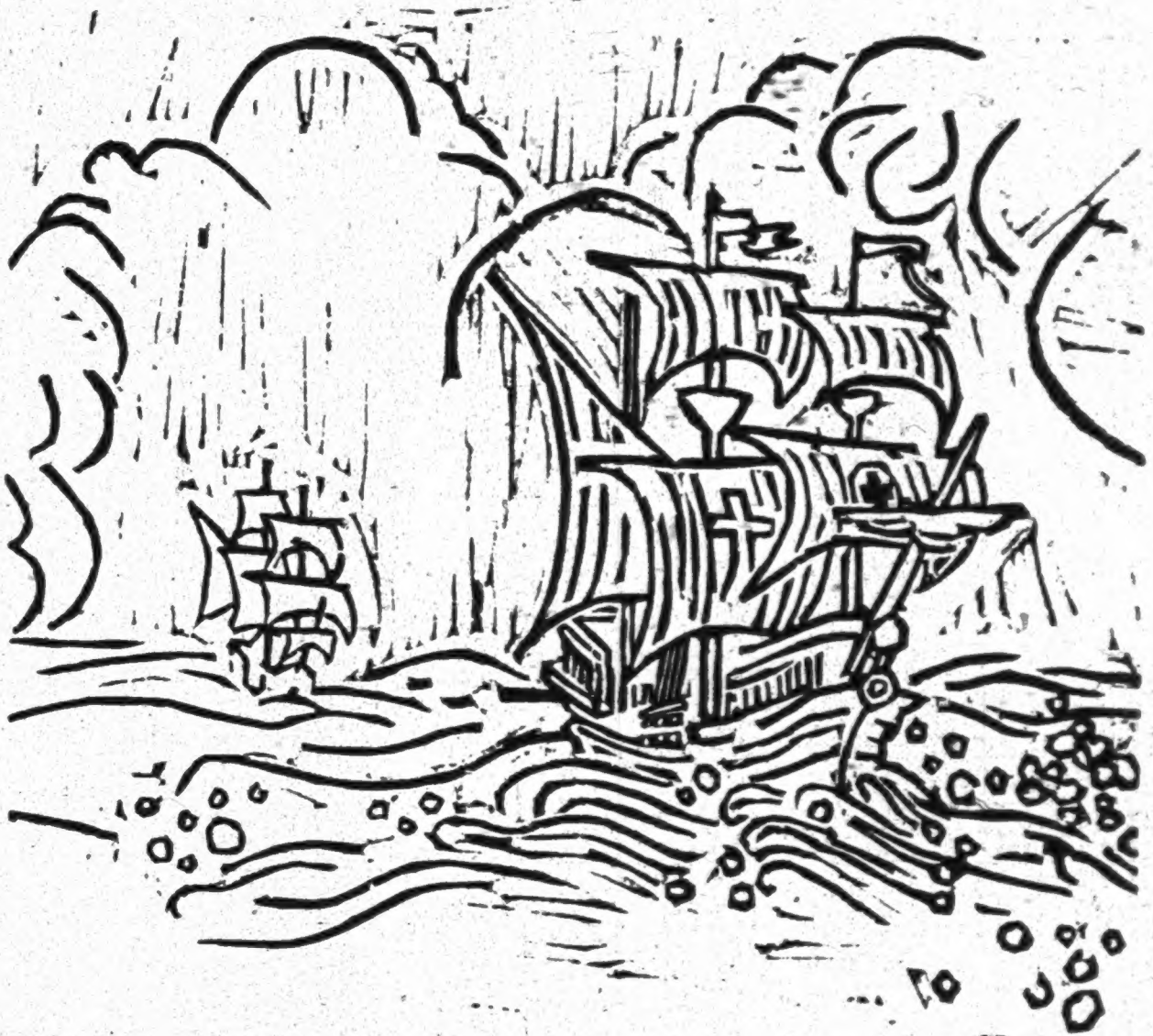
WE have received scores of the blanks inserted in last week's paper asking how the people of the city stand on the silly idea of the city council to deprive licensed dogs from the freedom of the streets. We have stacked up the blanks and have not yet counted them. But we have received objections from some. They are to the effect that no matter how good the cause subscribers of The Cymbal will not tear a piece out of the front page of the paper to send in a blank such as we printed last week. They say they want to keep each issue intact, or nearly so, and that a hole out of the front page is not to their liking. But many want to express their opinion regarding the dog matter. So this week we are printing the blank on this inside page. You can tear that out without too seriously mutilating your paper. Send it in—we will confound these five men—or four, to be exact, because Fenton Foster is against the absurd plan—with the attitude of the people toward at least one of their asininities.

THE Cymbal wants to go on record as urging the people who can possibly afford it to give consideration to the plans of Mrs. Edith B. Shuffleton who is at present endeavoring to finance the equipment of the hospital now being completed in Carmel Woods. If the residents of this city would stop to realize what a sense of satisfaction it will be to them to know that right here in our midst is a hospital ready to care for emergency cases as well as protracted spells of illness, we are sure that Mrs. Shuffleton would have little trouble in financing her equipment. The hospital will have an entire staff of graduate nurses, complete modern surgery, large patio and garden for convalescent patients, and will have special training in preparation of diabetic and nephritic diets. Every patient will have the

identical status in the hospital, the rates only deviating in the matter of the size of rooms, and single or double. Mrs. Shuffleton is now selling notes for the purpose of raising the necessary funds for equipment. If you are interested, and you should be, get in touch with her by mail at the Carmel postoffice, or telephone Carmel 580.

THERE has been considerable discussion on the streets of the city lately in relation to the possibility of removing the present board of trustees, or

For property at Carmel Highlands inquire Carmel Land Company. Office, Ocean Avenue, Carmel. Telephone Carmel 18.



How About The Dogs?

WE received a letter just yesterday from an out-of-town subscriber who has lived in Carmel, and it says: "What a fool idea it is to try to keep dogs off the streets! Do you mean to say that the Minges' dog can't go about his legitimate business of conducting the delivery wagon on its route? Why, hardly anybody in Carmel has an enclosed yard to keep a dog in! I think it is ridiculous, don't you?"

Now, what do you think? Send in the following blank and tell us.

Editor, The Carmel Cymbal:

I am heartily OPPOSED to an ordinance that would deprive licensed dogs the freedom of the streets in Carmel.

a working majority of that board, through the medium of the recall in order that we might obtain an intelligent conduct of the city's affairs. The matter has been considered with much seriousness by understanding citizens of the city, and has been argued pro and con. The pro and con of the matter has been, however, not as to whether the present board should be changed for the good of things generally—there is certainly no question about that—but whether or not this is an opportune time to make the move. There are some who think that the recall, and the immediate recall, is the action to be taken, while others are of the opinion that we should tolerate the present pitiable state of affairs for another six months or more and endeavor to beat three of the present members of the board at the regular election in April of next year. It is not generally known, from the conversations that we hear on the street, that three members of the present board reach the end of their terms of office at the end of the present fiscal year. But they do. Ordinarily only two of the present members would end their terms in the spring of the next year, but owing to the resignation of A. K. Miller, who was elected at the last election, and the appointment of Fenton Foster, three vacancies are to be voted for in April. Larouette, Dennis and Foster will go out of office, which gives us a chance to elect three new members of the board. Of course, Councilmen George Wood and John Jordan remain, which is deplorable, but by naming three others who will have the intelligence we want in the job we can make negligible anything that they might have the lack of common-sense to attempt. Wood, of course, is absurd, and those who carelessly gave him their support last year now know that he is. Jordan is pitiful, and his silly pomposity and tiresome wails about the responsibilities of his office have become ridiculous. But with three good men to take the places of Larouette, Dennis and Foster in April we need not worry about the danger that lies in the infatuation of those two. Of course, it might be possible to put over a recall at this time, and in that event, The Cymbal would pick Jordan, Wood and Larouette for the guillotine, and feel that it was contributing to the joy of notions. Dennis has had in the past sparks of intelligence and understanding—he has even displayed a certain amount of courage at times although he has lately seemed to merge himself into the general scheme of nothing—and Fenton Foster is innocuous enough to be of little danger. The removal of Jordan who does nothing but bluster, and Wood who, as we have said, is absurd, and Larouette who just isn't anything, would leave us with a chance to put three men of ability and sense in there to conduct the city's affairs. This would be a consummation devoutly to be wished, and would give us a reasonable certainty that we would not have ridiculous and dangerous legislation put over on us when we were more concerned with the simple joy of living and

not with the proper vigilance intent on legislative affairs. But whatever course we take—whether we leap into the breach at once or wait until April of next year, something must be done to save ourselves from anything more ridiculous and insane as the threatened dog ordinance and the proposed paving of Santa Lucia street. It is just such things, small as they may appear in the light of news print in the story of a council meeting, that make us here in Carmel appear absurd and make us wonder how in fury we came to elect such men to the authority of governing us.

Which brings us to the point of being a bit personal. It was not long ago that a certain woman in this city, who has a large property interest and is expected to take an interest in affairs of government, complained to us against our attitude in regard to the present city council. She was particularly annoyed at our opposition to Councilman Wood. She said that she had on several occasions talked with Wood and found him to be unusually familiar with municipal conditions, and most interested in city affairs. We admitted that he was what she said of him, and we promised that we would endeavor to be tolerant of him and try to see the mark of the municipal statesman in his rather queer and inexplicable method of conducting himself as a city official. And we have. We have over and over again attended meetings of the board, intent on focussing a broad mind on what occurred there. And to this extent have we arrived at the point of being tolerant—we have wondered what she would have to say if she had attended one meeting of the board which, to our knowledge, she has not. On the other hand a woman of equal intelligence did attend a meeting of that board recently and she was aghast. She could not believe that five men from any walk of life could be so utterly funny as those men were and be entrusted with the responsibility of handling the official affairs of our city. She not only looked aghast as she sat there in that lobby in the city hall, but she expressed herself as aghast.

And the names of these two women we can furnish on request.

We could use men in making our point, at least our last point, but we make it women to show the breadth of our faith in human intelligence. Sex means nothing to us in this present extremity.

THE CARMEL CYMBAL

LOST—In vicinity of Pebble Beach, a small brown Pekinese puppy, Saturday afternoon, July 23. Substantial reward. Notify Mrs. Norman Stewart, box 232, Pebble Beach, California.

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The A. L. A.

RECOMMENDED by the A. L. A. in this phrase the reader may recognize the most authoritative endorsement that is known to the book world in general.

The American Library Association, which is holding its annual convention in Toronto this month, is a nation-wide organization of librarians. The first convention of librarians in this country was held in New York in 1853, but there was no attempt to form a permanent organization. In 1876, thanks to the initiative of the young librarian of Amherst College, Melvil Dewey (famous father of the Dewey decimal system of book cataloging), a national conference of about one hundred delegates formed at Philadelphia the American Library Association, taking for its motto, framed by Mr. Dewey—"The best reading for the greatest number, at the least cost." Justin Winsor, of the Boston Public Library, was elected President, and Mr. Dewey, Secretary. The A. L. A. carried on without adequate headquarters or paid personnel until in 1909 they were generously given free headquarters in the Chicago Public Library. To-day the Association has a faithful and competent paid staff, with permanent headquarters of its own in Chicago and a subsidy from the Carnegie Corporation.

In addition to its national conferences of librarians, which have been of incalculable benefit in the development of libraries in the United States, the A. L. A. has promoted several international meetings. During the War it supplied reading for the men in camps and in the A. E. F. As an outgrowth of these activities the American Library in Paris (Inc.) was founded, with substantial grants of books equipment and money from the A. L. A.—an American library outpost in Europe.

The A. L. A. Booklist makes ten monthly appearances a year; in it the best current books are described, as selected by the Booklist staff, representative librarians and individual readers. The A. L. A. also publishes an annual selection of the best books of the year, in Booklist Books. The 1926 issue contained the following Little, Brown and Company publications:

The Hounds of Spring.....
..... Sylvia Thompson
The Great Valley..... Mary Johnson
The Adventures of an Illustrator.....
..... Joseph Pennell
Fifty Years of British Parliament.....
..... The Earl of Oxford
..... and Asquith, K. G.
In Quest of the Perfect Book: Reminiscences and Reflections of a Bookman..... William Dana Orcutt
New England in the Republic.....
..... James Truslow Adams
Asia: A Short History.....
..... Herbert Henry Gowen
High Country: The Rockies, Yesterday and To-day.....

..... Courtney Ryley Cooper
Another Treasure of Pleys for Children..... Montrose J. Moses
Tea Room and Cafeteria Management

..... R. N. Elliott
Modern Aladdins and Their Magic.....
..... Charles E. Rush and Amy Winslow

Last year there was published the A. L. A. Catalog, 1926, "an annotated basic of 10,000 books", edited by Isabella M. Cooper and compiled with the assistance of the Booklist staff and nearly 500 other individuals, including specialists of every kind. The 1300-page volume which resulted from their arduous labors is an indispensable reference work. More than 300 of Little, Brown and Company's books are indexed in this catalogue, and they comprise the contents of an attractive free booklet, "A List of Basic Books for a Popular Library", which may be had of these publishers.

"SMOKY" WINS AWARD

AS CHILDREN'S BOOK

Will James has won the Newbery medal with his book "Smoky". This book, written and illustrated by James, has been so popular that two editions will be published next month, a good plain one to sell at a small price, and an elaborate one with wide margins and a colored frontispiece. The Newbery medal is awarded yearly for "The most distinguished contribution to American children's literature."

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Hamlet and Romeo

(Continued from Page Nine)

playing the peculiarities of the protagonist "Hamlet", too, is the longest of Shakespeare's plays with the exception of "Antony and Cleopatra" and the total length of Hamlet's speeches far exceeds that of those allotted by Shakespeare to any other of his characters. The important point however, is that Romeo has a more than family likeness to Hamlet. Even in the heat and heyday of his passion Romeo plays thinker and he has Hamlet's peculiar habit of talking to himself. He falls into a soliloquy in Capulet's orchard, when his heart must have been beating so loudly that it would have prevented him from hearing himself talk, and into another when hurrying to the apothecary. In



this latter monologue, too, when all his thoughts must have been of Juliet and their star-crossed fates, and love-devouring Death, he is able to picture for us the apothecary and his shop with a wealth of detail. The fault, however, is not so grave as it would be if Romeo were a different kind of a man; but like Hamlet he is always ready to unpack his heart with words, and if they are not the best words sometimes, it only shows that in his first

tragedy Shakespeare was not the master of his art that he afterwards became.

In the churchyard scene of the fifth act Romeo's likeness to Hamlet comes into clearest light.

Hamlet says to Laertes:

"I prythee, take thy fingers from my throat;

For though I am not splenitive and rash
Yet have I something in me dangerous
Which let thy wisdom fear."

In precisely the same temper, Romeo says to Paris:

"Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man;

Fly hence and leave me; think upon these gone,
Let them affright thee."

This magnanimity is so rare that its existence would almost of itself be sufficient to establish a close relationship between Romeo and Hamlet.

There is in Romeo, too, that peculiar mixture of pensive sadness and loving sympathy which is the very vesture of Hamlet's soul: he says to County Paris:

"O give me thy hand,
One writ with me in our misfortune's book."

And finally Shakespeare's supreme lyrical gift is used by Romeo as unconstrainedly as by Hamlet himself. The beauty in the last soliloquy is of passion rather than of intellect, but in sheer triumphant beauty some lines of it have never been surpassed:

"Here, here will I remain
With worms that are thy chambermaids;
O here
Will I set up my everlasting rest
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
From this world-wearied flesh."

The whole soliloquy and especially the superb epithet "world-wearied" are at least as suitable to Hamlet as to Romeo. Passion, it is true, is more accentuated in Romeo, just as there is greater irresolution combined with intenser self-consciousness in Hamlet, yet all the qualities of the youthful lover are to be found in the student-prince. Hamlet, is evidently the later finished picture of which Romeo was merely the charming sketch.

Hamlet says he is revengeful and ambitious, although he is nothing of the kind, and in much the same way Romeo says:

"I'll be a candle-holder and look on,"
whereas he plays the chief part and a very active part in the drama. If he were more of a "candleholder" and onlooker, he would more resemble Hamlet. Then too, though he generalizes, he does not search the darkness with aching eyeballs as Hamlet does, the problems of life do not as yet lie heavy on his soul he is too young to have felt their mystery and terror, he is only just; within the shadow of that melancholy which to Hamlet discolours the world

—FRANK HARRIS

Shakespeare's Skull

WITHOUT how small, within how strangely vast!

What stars of terror had their path in thee!

What music of the heavens and the sea
Lived in a sigh or thundered on the blast!
Here swept the gleam and pageant of the Past,

As Beauty trembled to her fate's decree;
Here swords were forged for armies yet to be,

And tears were found too dreadful not to last.

Here stood the seats of judgment and its light,

To whose assizes all our dreams were led—

Our best and worst, our Paradise and Hell;

And in this room delivered now to night,
The mortal put its question to the dead,

And worlds were weighed, and
God's deep shadow fell.

—GEORGE STERLING

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